

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ros. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My Lord you must tell us where the body is, and goe with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body: the King is a thing.

Guy. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him.

Exeunt.

Enter King and two or three.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body;
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose?
Yet must we not put the strong law on him,
Hee's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes,
And where 'tis so, th'offenders scourge is waigh'd,
But never the offence: to beare all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause; diseases desperate growne
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus, and all the rest.

King. How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, bring in the Lord.

They enter.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? where?

Ha. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain convocation of politick worms are een at him: your worme is your only Emperour for diet. We eat all creatures else to fat us, and wee fat our selves for maggots; your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eat of a King,
eat

Prince of Denmarke.

eat of the fish that hath fed of that worme.

King. What doest thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see, if your messenger find him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe: but indeed if you find him not within this moneth, you shall nose him as you go up the staires into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deed for thine especial safety,
Which we doe tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence:
Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is ready, and the winde at helpe,
Th'associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them: but come, for England:
Farewell deare mother.

King. Thy loving father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother.
Come, for England.

Exit.

King. Follow him at foot,
Tempt him with speed aboard,
Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night:
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leanes on the affaire; pray you make haste:
And England, if my love thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Paies homage to us, thou maiest not coldly set

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